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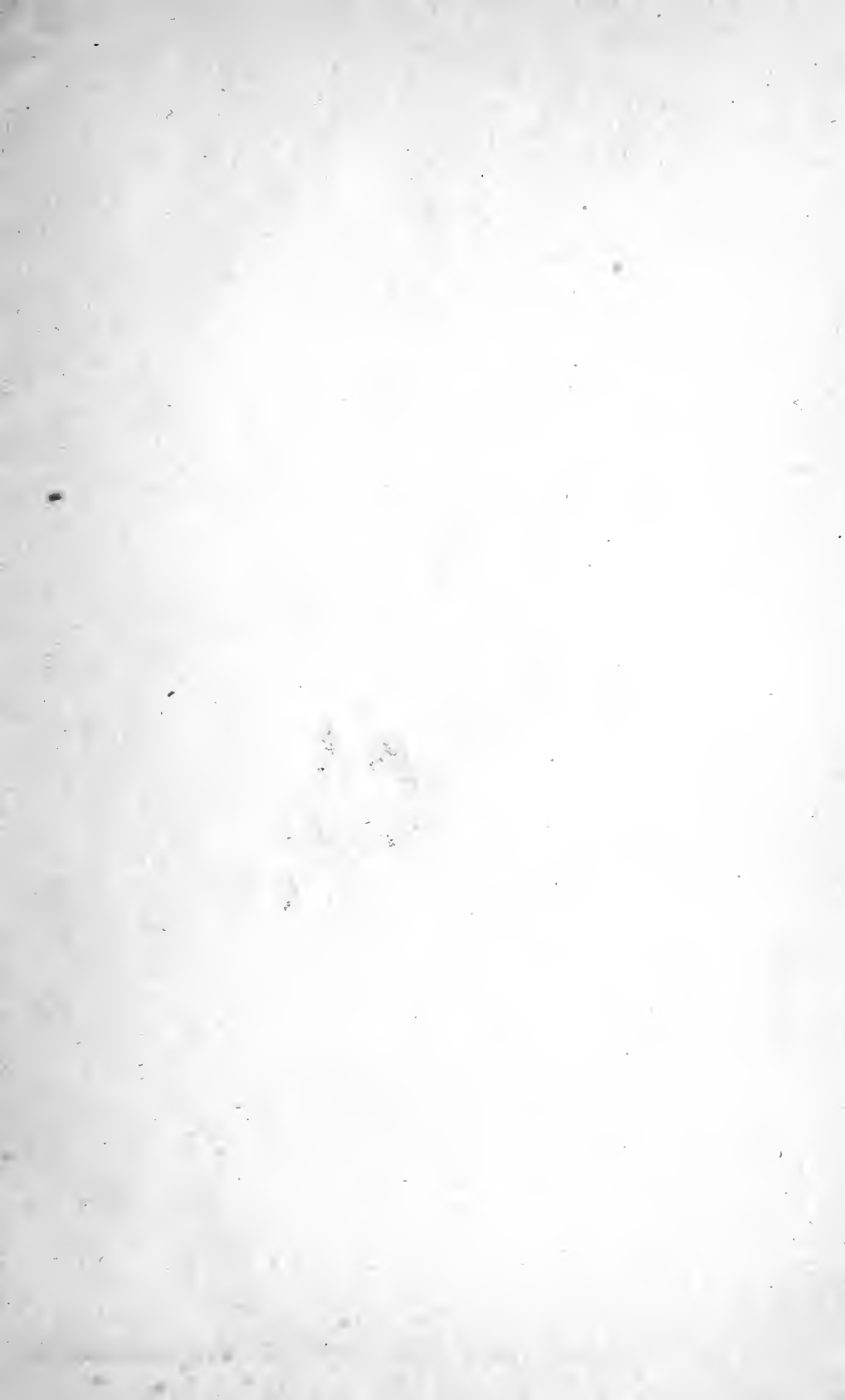


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# POEMS

And

Poems of California and the West

By

*Benjamin Franklin*  
BEN FIELD



BOSTON

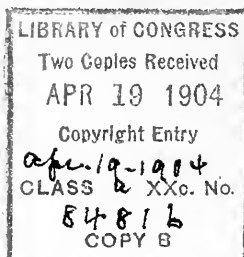
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## ERRATA

IN THE CONTENTS *My Nurse* should be MY MUSE. *Rendine* should be UNDINE. *The Minstrel Put The Viol Down* should be THEN MINSTREL PUT THE VIOL DOWN.

Page 11, in note to *The Rocks of Ramirez*, the last word (*ruz*) should be (*réz*).

Page 26, in *The Atheism Of The Man* in eleventh line *asperations* should be *aspirations*.

In fifteenth line *Saharah* should be *Sahara*, and in eighteenth line *dost* should be *doth*.

Page 33, in *Beauty And Love*, in second line *Nor* should be *Not*.

Page 50, in *The Pathos Of The Ages*, thirteenth line the word *stand* should be *stands*.

Page 56, in *Woman's Love*, last verse on page, first line, *eye* should be *aye*.

Page 67, in *The Ocean Burial*, in second verse, second line, the word *at* is omitted after word *lie*. Also in fourth verse, fourth line, word *here* should be *her*.

Page 85, in *A History Of Arizona*, fourth verse, fourth line *always* should be *alway*.

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## THE SIGN OF THE ULTIMATE

I stood on an island sea beach,  
No other soul was there  
Save the soul of the island, sleeping,  
And the soul of God in the air.

The beach was long and lonely  
And my soul was lonely too:  
No being gave me greeting,  
But above the sea-birds flew.

Full well I knew the sea of Life,  
Full long I'd searched its deeps,  
But now, behold, oncoming,  
A wave that landward sweeps.

I saw with eyes far seeing,  
And knew with thought profound:  
I heard the rush of Being  
In that tumultuous sound.

Power spoke with accent certain,  
Force lived in that wild roar,  
An aeon raised its curtain—  
A billow crashed ashore.

## THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE

Take if Thou wilt my every hope away!  
Crush down the longings of my youth,  
Make dark the glorious spring-like day,  
Forbid the mind that seeketh Truth.

Strong One, whoever Thou mayst be!  
On me cast Thou the evil of Thine eye,

Take strength and love and power to see,  
Thy direst deeds still I defy.

While life doth last, and heart doth beat however  
faint,

I'll lift my soul to realms of beauty fair  
And, though Thy breath doth scorch and taint,  
I'll laugh and love and revel there.

## POETRY

Thou art the deep and mystic sea  
That laps against the hurrying feet  
Of men and calms their idle fears,  
And every being bends the knee  
Upon thy strand, for life is sweet  
Where blows the wind from unknown spheres.

No more can man in Science trust  
Than in the work that thou hast done,  
Nor yet so much, for thou art Life.  
Thou art the glitter, through the rust,  
That shines as through the clouds the sun—  
Thou art the motive of the strife.

The poet is the man that sings,  
That plays upon the harp's wild strings,  
That reads the tale of starry skies,  
That soars aloft on seraph's wings,  
That, from the stone, the statue brings,  
That sees the depths in woman's eyes.

The poet is the man whose brush  
Can paint with words, that flush  
To cheek doth bring,

Whose canvas is the human heart—  
He makes the whole world sing.

Poetry is Life's wild song,  
The voice of right, the cry of wrong,  
The sign of fairer days.

## THE ROCKS OF RAMIREZ

Long years ago, with childish eyes,  
I gazed upon a mountain, grand,  
That reached its hoary height  
Up, up into the azure skies.  
I wondered then, in childish spell,  
How many years were passed and gone  
Since first that mountain rose,  
Or first the waters from it fell  
And left it there, in grim repose.

In later days, a boy, I roved the seas  
And once away to southward sailed  
And, rounding wild Cape Horn,  
I saw the rocks of Ramirez  
That jut, an island, through the blue  
And billowy waves,  
Defying all the ships that sail,—  
Diego Ramirez, but you,  
And sky and water and the south wind's wail!

Note.—The author, when a boy, sailed around Cape Horn on an English merchantman bound from San Pedro, California, to Queenstown, and he uses the word Ramirez as the sailors pronounced it,—accent on the last syllable (ruz).

Against thy rocky crags the billows dashed,  
The white spray stung thy cliffs,  
The sea birds circled round thy shores,  
With sullen roars the ocean crashed.  
I see it still, the salt sea foam,  
Climb up thy sides to fall!  
We passed the rocks of Ramirez  
And set our sails for home,  
But memory yet is on the seas.

## THE DRAGON

Gods and Devils all my heroes,  
Hell and Heaven each my tryst,  
With my claws upon the pulsing,  
Great and brawny wrist  
Of Earth,  
O Mirth!  
To know her fears,  
To see her tears,  
To feel her quaking,  
To force her waking;  
When Ignorance, my son,  
Stalks through the land  
And Fear, my fair one,  
Holds by either hand!

I am the Dragon who sits on high,  
Behind a thunder cloud.  
I send far off and beckon nigh  
And wrap the world in gloomy shroud.

I clutch with vicious claws—O glee!  
I am the Dragon of earth and sea!  
When cities burn and ships go down,  
Ho! there am I in hellish gown.  
I put a finger to my mouth  
And whistle, when the earth has drouth.  
If men will fight,  
For wrong or right,  
It matters not which it may be,  
I clap them on to kill or flee.  
I send the missionaries out  
The foreign wars to bring about:  
Hell is my seething caldron-pot  
And misery my garden plot.

I am the Dragon!  
Ho! ho, old world!  
Wag on, content am I.

## LIBERTY

Fair Liberty thou art a goddess bright!  
And strange are the deeds that we do for thee  
And the ways of the world that make men free  
Are as fair as the day and black as night.  
In the name of a God fanatics fight—  
As the spirits of darkness cowards flee,  
Till War has wrecked like a storm on the sea  
And the wrong has given place to the right;  
But Liberty fair thou soarest on high—  
Yet higher still as the centuries roll  
And the voice of tyrants is fain to cry  
That the Truth is emblazoned on thy scroll.  
While the angel of wisdom draweth nigh  
Come the nations of earth to Freedom's goal.

## O SPEAK TO ME.

I love the hills my Saviour trod,  
The vales where he communed with God,  
Here Glamour all her flowers has strown,  
I love this land—his very own.

As Thou didst speak at Pentecost,  
O Jesus speak to me, or chide,  
But speak while walking at my side;  
Speak, speak to me!

As Thou didst speak at Galilee,  
To men of old, speak now to me;  
As spake Thy passion at Gethsemane,  
Speak Thou to me!

It cannot be that Thou art lost,  
Thy Father's house is not so far,  
Thy promises still with me are  
And Time, was only younger, when,  
My Saviour, Thou wert here with men,  
And Space, 'tis just as wide as then;  
Thou mayest surely come again,  
Speak, speak to me!

O Love of mine transmute,  
This love I bear for earth,  
And give it heavenly birth!  
Hang Thou about it now,  
A halo from Thy brow,  
O speak to me!

Make sacred my desire!  
And set my soul afire,  
With love of Thee.

Bend down Thy Kingly head  
That impress of the thorns I see,  
And speak to me!  
Reach out Thy hands that bleed,  
For Thee I sorely need,  
O speak to me!

Jesus, my Saviour, mine!  
Speak Thou to-night,  
Illumine with Thy light,  
My Hope! my Love! my God!  
Hear Thou my vow,  
O let me now  
Thy vision see,  
Speak—speak to me!

## MUSIC

Music! Unveiled hast thou another sphere;  
And over seas of azure clear,  
On wings now slow, now fleet,  
Thou comest. Ah! my heart doth beat  
To rhythmic sounds unknown before,  
My feet press hard upon the shore  
Of wide and silvery sea,  
Across whose waves thou callest me.  
Thy murmur sweet falls on mine ear,  
And then with notes that ever rise,  
Thy thundering tones assail the skies  
And, sinking once again all low,  
Thy martial strain grows soft and slow.  
I feel its meaning, almost seize,  
And then implore on bended knees  
That thou wilt make thy raptures clear,  
That thou wilt bring thy sirens near.

But as I grasp at joys unknown,  
New beauties flash—the others flown.  
Faster they come! I hold my breath,  
Lest silvery sounds, so sweet, mean death.

This, Music, is thy shining sea,  
Whose gentle waves roll in to me  
With sounds too sweet for mortal ear,  
With notes too dear for man to hear.  
Upon this shore of thine I stand  
And, longing, look for unseen strand  
Whose verge is fair and far away,  
Unfathomed save by passion's ray.

Away! I'll leave the world behind.  
And launch my bark, that shore to find!

#### WE SUFFER NOT ALONE

Dislodged by graceful deer,  
A sharp and flinty rock  
Leapt down the mountain side,  
And by its own wild force fell clear  
To smiling valley, with a shock  
So great that rugged bark  
Of oak was clave apart,  
And there it sunk  
Into a giant trunk,  
While startled bird and beast  
Resumed their wonted loves,  
And hum of bees was heard,  
And coo of doves.  
But time passed on—  
Weary and sore,  
With cruel love harrassed,  
I sought sweet nature's solitude



In smiling valley, o'er  
Which hung wild height, sublime  
With jagged crags.  
A gnarled oak with twisted arms  
And half dead leaves, stood  
In my path and in its trunk  
I saw a sunken rock.  
O'er and about the flinty stone  
The living fiber grew,  
While still that oaken heart  
Was pierced. Alone  
The grand old monarch stood  
Amongst its fellows, firm,  
Who never knew its bitter grief,  
As time dragged on.

### THE SLAVE

Daughter of brawn, with weary face,  
Rough cap in the arching stone,  
The home she holds in its proper place,  
Sad slave of sinew and bone.

Never did nerves know how to strain  
Till toil to babes gave birth,  
Till rounded breasts were racked with pain  
And youth was bent to earth.

Daughter of brawn, with callous hands,  
She knows no happy hour,  
The weary years, with running sands,  
Drag out her bridal dower.

Grind on, O slave of the sunken!  
While the rich are hot with wine:  
The sons of men are drunken—  
God's justice is divine.

## MY MUSE

My Muse, O rest awhile!  
My head and heart beguile.  
Stop here thy pace,  
Show me thy face,  
For soul of mine is sad  
And love of mine is sore.  
Make me with passion glad  
And thrill me more and more!  
My Muse, give me thine arms  
And, on thy heaving breast,  
Let head of mine find rest.  
Close to thy bosom warm,  
Let heart of mine alarm,  
My other self,  
With beating!  
With throbbing!  
With such a passion's swirl,  
That brain, in giddy whirl  
Shall drunken be,  
And I, forget!

Ha, ha! rouse up, O sluggish soul!  
Thinkst thou a Muse may tarry,  
Thine arms to feel, thy kisses hot  
To pay, thy passion long to parry?  
I wave my hand to thee! come on!  
Forget not fame all fair!  
Rouse up and strive beloved one,  
Rouse up to do and dare!

Ho! great am I!  
Fame from on high  
Descends to wait on me.

All people sing my praise,  
A pean, through the days.  
I grasp the hidden key,  
Of Life's one mystery!  
I touch the chords divine!  
The music! it is mine!  
What, kneeling one!  
Who, who art thou?  
My Muse? Ah yes,  
Why camest here?  
My race is run  
And on my brow,  
All fair to see,  
Are fame's immortal flowers!  
These, these I give to thee!  
Alas, they fall!  
They crumble!  
Muse, return  
And light the fire,  
In blackened urn.  
O Muse, fair Muse!  
My gems are pebbles all,  
My sweets are gall.  
Do not refuse,  
Come back to me!  
Thine arms are dearer far  
Than garlands fair of fame,  
That burned with bursting flame.

O let me lie with thee  
And clasp thee in my arms.  
O give my passion free  
Delight to have its full!  
Thou art my queen,  
Far more to me than fame!  
My eyes have seen

The depths of smold'ring flame  
In thine.

Forgive me, Muse!  
Thine arms,  
Thy breasts,  
I will not lose.  
Thy limbs all bare,  
Thy perfumed hair,  
Are more to me  
Than God,  
Or hope of Heaven!  
As bee the honey sips,  
Kiss, kiss my longing lips.  
I know not dread nor fright,  
Hold, hold me tight!  
I die! but Muse,  
In thy embrace,  
'Tis sweet with thee to face  
The mask of death!  
Breathe out thy breath again,  
Close, close to me, and then  
Thyself in passion's ecstasy  
Refuse me not,  
O Muse, my Muse.

## OCEAN

Ocean, pray, how deep are you?  
Ocean wide, how old?  
Could I but wander, wander through  
Your blue depths, silent—cold!

Old Ocean, your sheer, satin gown,  
Is good and fair to see:

Those that with battered wrecks go down,  
In it shall folded be.

Then give me, Ocean, restless strength  
To travel o'er you far,  
To know your reach and sinuous length,  
Till towering mountains bar.

## THE RHYTHM OF LIFE

Mute and unshaped, in marble hills,  
Are untouched Mercurys lying,  
Fairer of form, with power more rife  
Than gladiators dying.

Has sculptor cut a Venus face,  
Or shaped a warrior's bust?  
The dream undreamed is fairer yet  
Than these, that turn to dust.

The touch, that makes a canvas live,  
Was taught by hands unseen,  
Yet fairer gifts are there to give  
And fairer flowers to glean.

Back of the hand, that holds the brush,  
Is the dream of a godlike mind,  
But the graceful flight of the soul of Art,  
Is swift as the stormy wind.

The song of the singer is not so sweet  
As the song that was never sung,  
So the words we hold, with the heart's quick  
beat,  
To the winds are never flung.

The story of Love is told to men  
In rhythmic words aflame,  
A deeper tale is left untold,  
Too fair for man to name.

Back of the dream of the painter,  
Back of the sculptor's ideal,  
Far, where the song sounds fainter,  
Where the soul is strong and leal,  
Up, where the air is ether,  
Keen as the edge of a knife,  
Down, in the depths of Nature,  
Flows ever the Rhythm of Life.

### THE PRAYER OF GLOOM

Aimlessly wandering at dawn of day,  
Unknowing I went from the beaten way,  
Where men go to and fro,  
Till halting at last at a lonely spot,  
Away from my God and by men forgot,  
My head I bended low.

I was young, but the years oppressed,  
I was weary, my woe confessed;  
Nature was blank, and Love was a lie,  
I sank on the earth and the welcome tears  
Refused to come, nor devilish fears  
To rouse me more as the time went by.

How long I may not tell  
Mine eyes stared into Hell  
When onward came a cloud  
My ghastly gaze to shade,  
Came dark and dripping to my aid  
And threatened me, as if a shroud.

I prayed this hovering Gloom to lower  
And cover me with grave clothes o'er;  
Mine arms stretched I aloft,  
As came the stormy wraith  
Drawn by my mighty faith,  
And spilled its rain-drops soft.

Then raged the gale,  
On frail earth,—frail;  
In awe I held my breath,  
Bent were the trees,  
Blown to their knees  
They menaced me with death.

### BEAUTIFUL HILLS

Bathed in the blue of creation,  
Hushed by the hand that is strong,  
Prone on the breast of the mother,  
Aglow with her light and her song—

Thy beauty is soft like the ocean,  
Thy charm is sucked from the earth,  
When islands were rocked and cradled  
The mother gave thee in birth.

Babe of quiet contentment,  
Child of the peace that fills,  
Offspring born of loving—  
Beautiful, mystic hills.

## AMERICA AND IMMORTALITY

America!

How many years hast lived?

A century's span and more!

Ha, ha!

A swallow builds its home within a cave

And, pecking in the sturdy tree,

A bird doth make its nest—

And both may last as long.

What hast thou done

To stamp upon the face of time

An impress of thy being?

Liberty! Washington!

Ho, ho!

Rome had her generals

And aspirations too

And where are they?

The faith of Christ

Within thy borders nourished!

There are a thousand others—

Thy sons have died—

Their deeds once done

Are passed and silent—

E'en printed books must mould and rot;

But thou, America!

What hast thou done

That thou canst think to last?

That men through thee

Have learned to live as men

And not as beasts?

What matters how men live

Since, dying, they are through?

Immortal, sayest thou?



We ask for proof!  
What man that died  
E'er came again to tell us  
Of his going?  
What soul once sunk  
In death's oblivion  
E'er sent a message back?  
Be still ye little ones  
Who tell us fairy tales  
That we have heard before!  
We ask for proof—  
One jot or tittle that is true!  
Egypt built her pyramids—  
We know she did!  
A people put them there—  
And ancient kings  
Reared temples  
That a million suns  
Have shone upon—  
But thou, America!  
Where is thy monument  
Dedicated to the onward roll  
And strewn about with bones?

Go then and on thy desert plains  
Erect a mound!  
Let thousands die  
If need be—that it may grow!  
And in its center  
Construct a room  
Built firm with parian slabs  
And blocks of flint  
And on an ivory throne  
With crystal pillars guarded  
Place there a golden scroll  
Held open by a hand—

And in this scroll  
Set diamonds  
That shall spell  
In Saxon words—  
America did this thing—  
And when 'tis done  
No surer proof there'll be  
Of dreamy Immortality.

### THE ATHEISM OF THE MAN.

Ye paltry being that dost boast  
The knowledge of a god—  
The wisdom of the ages—  
Do thou one starlit night  
But raise from lowly sod  
Thine eyes and gaze where stars,  
Innumerable and bright,  
Shine on the puny deeds of men.  
O be thou of earth's sages!  
It matters not.  
Thy deeds, thy asperations,  
Thy wild ambition, and delight  
In what it seems thou hast achieved  
Are but a grain of sand  
Blown on the wide Saharah.  
O self-wise scholar!  
In whose hand the key  
Of learning dost but lightly rest,  
Seal up thy foolish lips  
And bind the wordy sheaf.  
Thou hast, in wanton heart,  
Made bold to say  
"There is no God!"  
Look on the budding rose!

Behold the blade of grass!  
See thou the coming day,  
Bright shod  
With glory! and the night  
Like gentle mass  
For souls that pass away!  
Lift up thine eyes with humble faith  
And know  
That thou art let to be  
Is proof of immortality!

### SAPPHO, ALONE.

Sappho! sleeping still alone!  
The moon and Pleiades have set,  
Full half the lovely night has flown  
And thou! and thou all passionate!

The time is passing, fair one, now  
Upon thy sweetly swelling breast  
And on thy Grecian Goddess brow,  
Should Phaon's head and kisses rest.

Sappho! sleeping still alone?  
O wanton sweet, unknown to shame!  
From Rapture's arms thy lover flown,  
Shall live his flight to sorely blame.

### ARRAIGNMENT AND ANSWER.

Why give me a soul to suffer,  
Why a heart but to hurt?  
Is the glitter of life worth grasping,  
The gold to dig from the dirt?

God! why do I love so keenly?  
Did you place me here for a jest?  
Can I never break down the barriers  
'Twixt me and all that is best?

Did I ask to be born to loving,  
To loving forever alone?  
Then pardon my foolish rashness  
And change me into a stone!

O God forgive my rebellion  
Or yet it is quite too late!  
And God to my soul said softly—  
"Comes all to him that can wait."

#### THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

O, the sweet scent of grasses,  
The odor of violets  
And new-mown hay,  
When love, unfathomed, passes  
In garments airy,  
An unseen fairy,  
Close to your wandering way.

O, the choruses of morning,  
The last damp mists of night,  
The hour of mystic seeing  
When day is just adorning,  
With rosy beams of light,  
Her awakened charms of night  
That stir her lover's being.

O, the foaming breast of billows,  
O, the sougning of the pine

And the lonely desert's breath  
And the arm from out the willows.  
O, the mystery of life  
And the endlessness of strife  
And the going down to death.

### GOOD-BY

Good-by! we lightly say it o'er,  
And when the friend has gone  
And we have shut the narrow door,  
Joy too is then withdrawn.

Alas! and did we know  
The turning of a street  
Would bring us endless woe,  
That ne'er again his feet  
Would tread within our hall,  
Think you Convention's claim  
Would put on Love a pall  
And let him go,—the same?

Good-by! O, why did love of mine  
Not brush aside its fear,  
And arms of mine entwine—entwine  
His neck, in rapture dear?

Good-by! he thinks I love him not;  
He's far away, amongst the years,  
While life to me is ever fraught  
With pain and bitter tears.

## O SAY, LITTLE BOY!

I'll sail away to lullaby land  
Where my little boy goes when asleep,  
Where the cockle shells roll on the yellow sand  
And the water is only knee deep.

And along the shore of that shining strand  
We'll meet 'neath starry domes  
And you and I with hand in hand  
Shall visit the little homes  
Of the pretty people of poppy land,  
Who receive on drowsy day,  
And the little brown maids with a brownie band  
Shall sing in a wonderful way  
And the trooping fairies from the hills will come  
As the mermaids comb their hair.  
While you and I with the elfins roam  
Each star has a golden stair  
Stretching away o'er the waters deep  
And rising into the night  
Where the angels play, and will not sleep,  
Bo-peep till morning light.

O say, little boy, will you meet me there  
Beneath the gloaming skies  
And with me climb the starry stair  
Up, up to Paradise?

## GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD

"Give us this day our daily bread"  
Lisp babes in a lullaby  
And the little ones whose prayers are said  
Asleep on their pillows lie.

'Tis well—but the years that come  
Dispel the lessons taught  
And tender hearts grow cold and numb  
While bread is sold and bought.

“Give me to eat!” the beggar cries  
“I’m hungry and I die!”  
And Christ looks out from Paradise  
And sees the rich go by.

### A SINGER OF SONGS

She stands before her shrine,  
All lovely and all fair  
And laurel leaves entwine  
Her golden crown of hair.

She stands at music’s fount,  
Apollo’s devotee,  
The fabled swan to mount,  
She stoops with bended knee.

Yet, till with Paeon far she flies,  
I watch and never tire  
Of glorious songs and glorious eyes  
Aglow with deathless fire.

But sweet and fairest friend,  
With song, before thy shrine,  
Love’s worship is my end;  
Your harp this heart of mine.

## UNDINE

A youth upon a lonely sea beach lay  
And dreamed and woke and dreamed again of  
Love;  
Awake at last,—it was the close of day  
And one was watching him from rocks above.

She was a nymph, of beauty wild and fair,  
And eyes of brown spoke longing none may tell;  
Old ocean's water dripped from golden hair,  
And sea weed from her graceful shoulders fell.

Naked, Undine held the sea weed to her breast  
And wound it with her hair about her arms,  
And there, upon the golden sands—her love confessed—  
She won the dreaming youth with rosy charms.

The last red gleams of sun flashed fiery, rare,  
The youth vowed love and worship of a slave,  
Then Undine led the way, with flowing hair,  
To bridal bed in rocky cave.

Nor would she go with him until that time,  
When earth and air and sea were mild,  
When every heart beat soft with song and rhyme  
She held within her arms a little child.

Then Undine's bosom thrilled with heaven's joy,  
Her virgin dreams had borne her to the goal,  
For as she pressed to rounded breast her boy,  
She knew that Love had given her a Soul.



## BEAUTY AND LOVE

Straight is the line of beauty,  
Nor curved as often said:  
Look far away o'er ocean,  
Across the briny bed.

Straight is the long horizon,  
Straight as the line of duty;  
Though heaven is arched above us  
Straight is the line of beauty.

Old ocean's bed is bended,  
Old ocean's surface too,  
But beauty is not ended  
When curved away from you.

Straight is the line of beauty!  
When love has made retreat  
The heart has one sweet duty,  
Straight to the maiden's feet.

## HE PLAYS ON HEART OF HERS

He plays on heart of hers,  
As fingering o'er the keys,  
Music obeys his touch.  
In her sad face one sees  
The soul in passionate clutch  
Of love.

He plays on heart of hers,  
But his wild love has flown  
To other skies;  
For other eyes

He longs,  
And songs  
Of his are sung full fair,  
For one that is not with him there.

O pity! that these loves, like souls,  
Must stray and miss their goals,  
These loves that banish hovering night  
And bring to us untold delight.  
Yet whensoever a heart doth love,  
Somewhere, however late,  
In garden or in greenwood grove,  
The mourning dove  
Will find its mate.

### LONGINGS SHE LEFT BEHIND

Sweetheart, you have gone to make a name,  
Fame's castle you have almost built,  
But know, sweetheart, time runs the same  
And castles are covered with guilt.  
Do you think your castle so fair may rise  
That Time, on bended knee,  
Shall show to all mens' wondering eyes  
Your name, my Gertie Lee?

Do you think the lamps that cheer the night,  
Close down to the door of death,  
Are filled with sparks of fame all bright  
Or are they filled with breath?  
Breath and soul and baby life,  
Small hands that clasp the knee,  
Fairest flowers of fame or wife  
O gentle Gertie Lee!

Sweetheart, I long for your love alway—  
To share in your love and life—  
I long for your arms, your eyes each day,  
Sweetheart—my darling—my wife!  
But if Castle of Fame shines all too fair  
And it may never be  
You will find me waiting for you, close there  
By the gates, O Gertie Lee.

### A BUNCH OF ROSES

Thy birthday, sweetheart,  
Is my birthday too  
For love makes my heart beat  
When thoughts are of you  
And the love that I offer  
The queen of my soul  
Was born on thy birthday,  
Has thee for its goal.  
I wish thee, my sweetheart,  
A happy birthday  
And I send thee this token  
In sweet old-time way.

### ROME, AMERICA—THE DIFFERENCE

*A Tribute to President McKinley, May, 1901.*

The Caesar, drunk with wine  
And satiate with pleasure,  
Had thought of going forth  
Throughout his kingly realm,  
But feared the populace.  
Then called he unto him his lords  
And bade his generals pay attention—  
“Arrest whom ye may at night

Within the streets of Rome  
And hang them on the morrow  
As a warning to the people,  
For I, the Emperor, will go abroad.  
Let the Pretorian Guards be doubled  
To wait upon my presence  
Both night and day.  
Send noble couriers forth  
To distant portions of the Empire,  
With sword and honeyed words,  
To raise a tribute for our pleasure,  
Then gather all that's good and fair  
From out our vast domain  
And give it place within my train—  
My jewels and my statuary,  
My works of art and birds and beasts,  
And those that sing and play and dance,  
Provided that they shall not vie with Nero.  
And look you (privately)—  
Send our commands to Antium,  
To Naples and through Greece,  
That wheresoever Nero plays upon the lute  
And sings his own immortal songs  
Men shall be hired or forced to give applause.  
And list you now—  
Bring from her vestal shrine  
The fairest virgin that doth serve the God,  
To wait upon my chamber  
And ease my troubled sleep.”  
Thus spake the Emperor Nero  
And they that heard cried out in fear:—  
“Caesar can do no wrong—  
Long live divinest Caesar!”  
  
And in those days Rome burned  
At his command;  
And Caesar looked—and played upon his lute.

The President, at his desk,  
Gave heart and brain  
To the welfare of his country.  
Great deeds of state were his  
And words that swayed the nations.  
Men's lives to him were sacred,  
And property was second unto life.  
Out from the farthest reaches of America  
There came the call of loyal sons  
To see their Chiefest Chief,  
And he was prayed to go abroad.  
New England sent him her petition,  
And far to the South the loyal land  
Made ready for his welcome.  
California flashed down the golden beams  
Of the star of empire  
That hangs above her fairness,  
A message to him full of love,  
And from the islands of the sea  
There came the call of new-born citizens.  
'Twas said of ancient time  
"To be a Roman was greater than to be a King,"  
But we that live to-day  
Rest long our eyes upon the land  
Where Freedom dwells,  
And whisper—  
"God bless our noble President!"

## GARDENS OF SILENCE

Shaded with cypress where the virgins lie  
Strewn with flowers all the dead,  
Weeping and sighing as the years go by,  
The clouds and trees overhead.

Fair Gardens of Silence throughout the land—  
Cities of dead that are dear,  
Marble and granite near at hand,  
Lilies to cover up fear.

Close to the school and church and home  
Not far from the pulse of trade  
Are the silent gardens where mourners roam  
In the gloomy cypress shade.

Wheresoever villages dot the earth  
Or smoke curls into the air  
Or little children laugh with mirth,  
The Gardens of Silence are there.

### LIGHTS OF THE CITY

O, the lights of the throbbing city  
That gleam o'er her pulsing ways!  
Like the stars in the distant heavens  
That glitter between the days.

Do you know of the terrible distance  
Between your childrens' hearts?  
Do you dream of the bitter struggle,  
Each night in the city's marts?

The stars in the arching heavens  
Can tell of nature's strife—  
They see the awful discords  
And behold the heavenly life;

But you, O lights of the city,  
Is your gleam never shadowed by sin?  
Is your glow but a semblance of pity  
To be hid in the crush and the din?

Do you know the hunger and sorrow  
That pierce and stab like a knife?  
You brighten but ever the morrow  
Brings ebbing to many a life.

O lights of the groaning city!  
You see Life's tragic side, —  
You shine on the gay and the witty  
And the hell that never will hide.

O the glow that you throw about passion!  
O the gleam that you shed on the fair!  
O the glare that you lend to gay fashion  
And the guilt that you find ever there!

Shine on, O lights of the city!  
You respect not actions of men,  
For to you a drunken ditty  
Comes close on a solemn amen.

You know not the barter of virtue,  
You heed not the passion or prayer,  
Your rays shine brightly and ever  
On the guilty, the gay and the fair.

But to-night as I look o'er the city,  
On her lights as thick as the stars,  
I wonder if eyes are about us  
As glowing and mystic as Mars,—

I wonder if spirit lights glitter  
With feelings divergent as men,  
I wonder if Easy and Bitter  
Are weighed in the balance and when.

## MY LOVE, THE WIND

Blow, wild wind, over desert waste,  
Blow here upon my heart!  
I raise my arms with passion's haste  
And love thee as thou art.

Wind of the desert, wind of the sea,  
Whose fury stilleth men,  
Thou blowest hell fires out for me  
To make me strong again.

O wind of heaven, wind of earth,  
Thou bold, brave mystery!  
Thou lovest man from death to birth  
Throughout life's history.

Then here's to thee beloved wind,  
My friend, my soul, my brother!  
If nothing else in life I find,  
We'll love for aye each other.

## ONE FROM MILLIONS

It matters not what things you do,  
It matters not what leave undone,  
The world has little need of you  
To carry out the work begun.

Think not your place none else may fill,  
Think not your deeds are of account,  
Do naught at all or do but ill,  
Your life to nothing shall amount.



Like ants you swarm o'er little place,  
Like sands your bones lie everywhere;  
And whether slow or swift the race,  
The Gods shall neither know nor care.

But sometimes in the swing through space,  
An arm is raised in might,  
A giant soul illumines a face  
And dawn dispels the night.

A Christ walks through the groaning land,  
A Shakespeare writes unseen,  
Napoleon gives a stern command,—  
But ages run between.

Then would you live, and not exist,  
Strike! strike! immortal, rouse!  
Peer out from pall of blinding mist,—  
A coward he, that bows!

## THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD

The garden of the world is fair  
And, sheltered by some mossy wall,  
Where never blows the winter storms,  
I rest and watch the graceful forms  
Of maidens, wandering where the wild birds call.

These seem to be the fairest forms create.  
Their arms are bare and laughing eyes  
Look into mine, and cheeks aglow  
With throbbing blood, all let me know  
That I have found earth's paradise.

Why should I further search  
Throughout the garden of the earth?

Why wander on where death and pain  
Silence with grief the joyous strain  
And cover up the confined mirth?

A stranger, I am satisfied  
With songs of birds and gardens green,  
With arching blue of summer skies,  
And smiling blue of woman's eyes,  
Which hint of happiness unseen.

### A FRAGMENT

Ah Gods! I wake with sighs,—  
Like Sappho's cries when Phaon flies.  
Her snowy arms and beating heart are dreams,  
And yet,—in ages gone, the gleams  
From her dark eyes I knew, it seems.

### MY ONE SWEET THOUGHT

My one sweet thought! I hold it never  
Far away from my embrace  
And dwell upon it whensoever  
Would I harsh pain efface.

It comes to me in dark despair,  
When hard earned gains are quickly lost:  
It comes when I may never dare  
To count the strife and bitter cost.

O, sweetest thought! Usurper thou  
Of soul's dependency above!  
When thou dost come my head I bow  
And realize the power of Love.

When days are cold and drear with care,  
Sweetheart, thou comest close to me,  
My one dear thought is doubly fair  
While at Love's shrine I worship thee.

## ONE HEART

The world has a billion people,  
Aye the world has many more,  
Like sands where the waves are beating,  
Like sands on the long sea shore.

A friend we have in childhood, —  
We meet and play and part,  
Like chips on the waters drifting  
With neither love nor heart.

The world is wide yet very small,—  
The world is small, yet O how wide!  
And while we taste the sweet and gall  
We drift like chips upon the tide.

The world has a billion people  
And hearts are fain to roam  
'Till the thought comes o'er us, stealing,  
There's never a place like home.

The world has a billion people!  
The race will soon be run!  
Of the hearts of the billion people  
Love one, love only one!

## MY DEAD LOVE

I watch the crescent moon  
Climb up the arching sky.  
The river bank is strewn  
With reeds and grasses high.

I lie amongst the trees,  
As climbs the crescent moon,  
And there I feel the breeze  
From off the fair lagoon.

And as she soars on golden wings,  
A virgin not yet grown,  
The insects hum, the river sings,  
And I am not alone.

Ah, not alone!  
For, at this mystic hour,  
My lost one, hither flown,  
Comes to our moonlit bower,

Where oft before, beneath the boughs,  
I felt her beating heart,  
She comes again to hear my vows—  
She comes, but only part  
Is here. The silvery beams  
Of light shine through her form,  
The eyes that once with gleams  
Of love were full, now storm  
My soul with sadness.  
I clasp her in my arms  
And yet she is not there.  
My brain is near to madness,  
I touch her flowing hair,

And with the old smile on her lips,  
From out my arms she gently slips,  
And when I hear the river's moan,  
Upon the ground I lie alone.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE

She swings with song and laughs with love,  
This ancient world of ours—  
She sorrows long and lifts above  
Her eyes to hidden powers.

Then let the martyr bare his head,  
The sanctified sing psalms —  
I'll search amongst a flowery bed  
And roses give for alms.

It may be true that Sorrow's hand  
With weight on some is laid,  
But why see gloom and running sand  
Because a rose will fade?

Then let sweet youth be gaily gowned,  
We'll dance and not alone—  
We'll fill the air with laughter's sound  
While roses red are strown.

## O KISS ME

Give me one warm kiss!  
I ask no more.  
I know you love me not,  
But give me this  
And I will hold it, dear,—  
A thousand years in store.

Force me not there  
Alone, till you have kissed my longing lips  
As you have done before,  
When you and I, on Grecian Isles,  
Once dwelt and youth was fair—  
Kiss me again, ere life is o'er!

The sweetness of the kisses  
I have dreamed  
Of giving you!  
The rapture of the torture  
When it seemed  
As if you knew!

Sweet is first love,  
Sweeter than breath,  
Too dear for life,  
Sweet unto death—  
Thus was it that I died  
And you another's bride.

How many times around  
Must turn the wheel  
Of birth and death,  
Till you will love?  
Till you will feel  
Your lover's breath—  
His kisses?

O give me what I ask,  
One wild, sweet kiss  
To last a thousand years,  
That I may bask  
In this blest thought  
Till you shall love!  
O kiss me now!

## QUIET DREAMS

And sometimes in my quiet dreams  
The years roll back apace,  
I see as oft I used to see  
A fair, sweet, girlish face—

A face to me so dear in past,  
Upon this lovelit day  
I think to find again at last  
And hold in sight alway.

## THE PATHOS OF THE AGES

A particle of spirit pure  
Dressed in garb of flesh and bone  
Drawn to earth where sirens lure,  
Battling blindly for its own,—  
O, the pathos of the coming  
O'er the road trod oft before!  
O, the breasting of the breakers  
Beating on life's rugged shore!

Pity shines in angel faces,  
Guardian angels asking trust,  
Tears have left their hallowed traces  
In their faces and the dust.  
Spirit struggling with brute forces  
Striving bravely with fierce lust—  
O, the pathos of the ages  
Seen in wages ever just!

Silence sullen, forehead slanting,  
Sensual longings, centuries through,—  
Like a beast with passion panting  
Strives the newborn for the dew.

Glistening ever in its forming  
On the spirit heights ahead,  
On the battlements he's storming,  
On the rocks where men have bled.

Striving ever, groping blindly,  
Knowing not the life he wants,  
Thinking that the dewy twinkling  
Is a guide to sirens' haunts,—  
Scoffed at, laughed at by his fair ones,  
Fool and knave in him shall blend,  
He it is that, full of folly, runs  
For rainbow's golden end.

O, the pity of the struggling  
Through the years, all blindly here!  
Grasping at the straws he's passing,  
Drawing nigh to death with fear,  
Lifting loads through lengthy years,  
Carrying cares with furrowed face,  
Beaten back while blinding tears  
Force him under in the race.

Death again comes all too quickly,—  
How he clings to cruel life!  
Lying there so wan and sickly,  
Robbed his days of pleasures rife.  
Death and birth play on forever  
Back and forth with souls of men,  
Straining each upon life's lever,  
Bringing rest then strife again.

O, the pathos of the ages  
Ushered in with blood or rhyme!  
Swinging on while battle rages,  
Smiling on through endless time.



Born again for sad undoing,  
Learning lessons o'er and o'er,  
From a different angle viewing,  
Scaling heights oft scaled before.

Now he hears the songs of angels,  
Sees the soul in other eyes,—  
O, the pathos of his longing  
As his spirit fain would rise!  
Soaring up to realms of heaven,  
Leaving dross and lust behind,  
Cutting loose from earthly leaven,  
Purified by spirit mind.

Life's ambition leaves him never,  
Stands he now a man set free  
Knowing things that bind and sever  
In the troubled, human sea.  
O, the pity of the knowing!  
O, the bitter dregs of time!  
When a soul with spirit glowing  
Sells itself to sordid crime,

Leagues itself with devilish doings,  
Startles men with hidden power,  
Sullies self with lustful wooings,  
Sucks the sweetness of the hour.  
O, the pathos of the falling!  
O, the depths that souls can go!  
O, the thoughts forever galling  
And the hell of bitter woe!

Ages pass, pathetic ages,  
Till that soul attains once more  
To the vantage ground of victory,  
To the peaceful, spirit shore.

Ages pass, pathetic ages,  
While the balance weight is fair,—  
Weary work but welcome wages—  
Angels singing in the air.

Angels singing, guardian angels,  
Guiding souls the long road o'er,  
Smiling ever on the striving,  
Guiding up from out the lower.  
O, the pathos of the ages  
Where God only knows the way!  
O, the pity that the stages  
Mark the paths where all souls stray!

Now he stand where eyes of mortal  
May not see his guiding hand,  
May not see the pearly portal  
At the gates of spirit land.  
He has won one fairest garland,  
He has scaled one height aloft,  
He is there in spirit starland  
With the angels' music, soft.

Dare one say to all earth's people,  
Dare one say to you, O friend,  
That the Heaven's rest you long for  
Is a struggle without end,—  
That the City's gates all glowing  
And the streets of jasper there  
Are but milestones in the going  
To another land more fair?

O, the pathos of the ages  
Pictured out in lives of men!  
O, the onward roll that sages  
May not bound by "Now" or "Then"!

But the faith we learn from pity,  
Pity crying in the land,  
Bringeth souls to Heavenly City  
In the hollow of God's hand.

## SOUTH—NORTH

Languid lady of the South,  
Psyche in a sensuous clime,  
Sate with kiss of mouth,  
Weary of love's trysting time,  
Dreaming through the dolorous day  
Of snowy lands far, far away—  
Go thou to a Northern coast,  
Thy dream shall surely be thy host.

## THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM

Ten thousand years ago  
There was a day of battle,  
When women fought as men  
With swords and spears,  
That pierced like horns of cattle.  
Strong, naked women rode  
Astride fierce chargers—  
Ten thousand years ago.

Long hair from riders streamed  
And unclothed forms lay dead  
Beside the way.  
Fair breasts gave blood instead  
Of milk, that day  
And unveiled bosoms gleamed,  
For woman first was in the fray.

The pendulum now far has swung  
The other way, and great  
The change in men!  
While triflers think a steady course  
Of time doth wait  
On culture and the rule of pen,  
That Love hath taken place of Force.

### THE THREE DESIRES

A boy with golden locks and dreamy eyes  
Filled full the daylight hours —  
He went in chase of butterflies  
And birds and rarest flowers.

His playmates offered him a share  
Of berries picked and birds' nests robbed  
But he returned with tangled hair  
To mother's arms and sobbed, and sobbed.

And as the child dropped off to sleep  
Upon his little trundle bed  
He sobbed again in sorrow deep,  
"I could not find my flower all red!"

A youth of beauty rare, with flashing eyes,  
Always accompanied pleasure  
And tried to go where Cupid flies  
When lilting o'er his measure.

He played with Love and passed with Passion  
Through groves in Grecian isles,—  
He laughed with Love and silly Fashion  
And then retraced the weary miles.

The mother arms were old and weak  
But mother heart the same,—  
The youth returned to comfort seek  
And sobbing shook his frame.

And as he knelt at close of day  
With buried face at mother's side  
He sobbed again in childhood's way  
"I could not find my dreamland bride!"

A man, in ways of men grown old,  
With poet's brow and earnest eyes,  
Who knew that flesh is only mold,  
That spirit soars beyond the skies,

Sought day and night throughout the years  
To solve life's riddle, dark,  
Read ancient books, gave prayer and tears,  
On spirit heights to set his mark.

But with his last and failing strength  
He turned his footsteps brave  
Toward mother's love, O weary length  
Of road! he found her grave.

And as he knelt where flesh is robbed,  
Where kneel old age and youth,  
He whispered, as he sobbed and sobbed,  
"I could not find God's hidden truth!"

#### THEN MINSTREL PUT THE VIOL DOWN

Last night we sang the old, sweet songs,  
Familiar all and dear,  
And with the words forgot our wrongs,  
Forgot our pain and fear.

For eyes met eyes and voices played  
On tender chords of love  
While hearts beat gently and obeyed  
The rhythm from above.

But when the bow stole o'er the strings  
Of tragic violin  
The frenzied fears that passion brings  
Came weirdly stealing in.

O minstrel, play no more,—beware!  
A wraith has seized the bow,  
A human cry is in the air  
And well the cry we know.

The rise and fall of that wild strain  
Is soul of love's sad sobs,  
That subtle note doth wake the pain  
In human heart which throbs.

Then, minstrel, put the viol down—  
Sing only songs we love,  
The maidens' songs which bring no frown,  
Like cooings of a dove.

## WRAITHS

Sweet beings come to me with dawn's dear  
    charms,  
Fair pictures making,  
And I would clasp them in my slumb'rous arms,  
As I am waking.

They stay, nor will they go!  
Like tale, just read,

They rend my heart, while well I know  
Their forms are dead.

The loved ones lost in childhood's days  
Return from out the grave!  
My brother speaks, in boyish ways,  
My mother's smiles I crave,

And not in vain. She comes, aglow  
With loving eyes,  
And then, with pain, I wake and know  
That dreams are lies.

### WOMAN'S LOVE

They stood by the gate of the old farm place  
And the stars shone down on a vow  
And he kissed her there on her upturned face  
And he kissed her fair on her brow.

The stars shine down forever and aye—  
They say they are steadfast and true,  
But he bade her there a long good-by  
As the stars shone down on the dew.

In the city's gleam and the city's glare  
He found a life that was new  
And gone was the face so young and fair  
That he left with the stars and the dew.

But the cultured grace of a worldly face  
He found in the banquet hall  
And the gleam of an arm from out the lace  
And the boson's rise and fall.

O, where is the man with love so fair?  
O, where is the man so strong?  
He kissed her face and he kissed her hair  
And her love was his for a song;

Then a soul was sunk in deep disgrace,—  
'Twas O, for the love of youth!  
Twas O, for the gate of the old farm place  
And the eyes so full of truth!

But the moving finger would not pause  
Nor half a line erase  
And the beauty fair beneath the gauze  
Was gone with a clouded face.

They stood by the gate of the long, long way  
And death held aloof for a space,  
For she had come at the break of day  
With the love in her poor, thin face.

Her hands were hard and her gown was old,  
They told her that death was near,  
But her heart was true and pure as gold  
And her love knew never a fear,

So she pressed her lips to his cold, white brow  
And his head she held on her breast  
As she whispered over the old time vow  
Neath the stars that sank in the west.

But death stands ready forever and eye  
With his scythe and his winding sheet,  
So she bade him there a long good-by  
And kissed him fond and sweet.



## THE ENVIED ROSE

She wears a rose just budding now,  
O rose, that I were thou!  
Red rose she wears in her wavy hair,  
O rose, that I were there!  
She wears a glow on her lovely brow,  
A glow from a life of truth,  
And O, that I might wanton tear  
A kiss from lovely youth!

## THE SORCERESS

She thunders forth the words of law!  
In regal gown, bedecked with stones,  
She dazzles untaught eyes.  
With queenly grace she stands  
Without a spot or flaw,  
Her tragic voice the groans  
Of men. Her every step defies:  
Her eyes observe the outstretched hands.

Eternity! Eternity! thy angel fair is she!  
With right arm raised and flashing eyes  
She speaks for time long past;  
With hand across her gleaming brow  
Her piercing glance can see  
What future has of truth and lies  
What things shall die and what shall last  
And men, agast, behold and bow.

## BLOOD

*Before the Gates of Peking—July-August—1900.*

The days of earth are full of grim portent!  
The swaddling clothes of Peace  
Were changed to whitest fleece,  
A garment without rent.  
And Peace herself stood out,  
In that pure garb of white  
And brooding wings of War and doubt  
Withdrew in face of her fair might.

Then struck, with clanging sound,  
The mailed hand of War,  
And shrieking eagles swooped to ground  
And scattered swift, and tore  
The white-winged doves of Peace,  
And smell of blood gave lease  
To thrust of sword and cannon's roar.

The greed of men that made Rome fall,  
The curse of gold, on high and low,  
The grasp of might that crushes all  
And gleans what others bled to sow,  
Are things that Hell has lent.

The Lion, on the Afric plains,  
Has strode where Freedom dwelled  
And Britain has increased her gains,  
While Liberty is felled.

America! the arms of millions,  
Strike in wrath at Thee,  
While Ignorance shows defiance,  
Instead of bended knee.

America! the proudest name  
That man has ever penned,  
Upon Thy Banner never blame  
Has found a place to sully Fame—  
Stand clear while nations rend!

Blood drips from hoary locks of Strife,  
Death stalks on land and sea,  
Grim War has come again to life  
And Peace is forced to flee.

Blood and Battle is the cry!  
The Battle Kings are drawing nigh!  
Might and Ignorance thrust and bound!  
The Gods contend! and on the ground  
Where millions swarm, the sound  
Of blows, the death withstood  
Give lie to human brotherhood!

#### TILL THEN AND YET UNTIL

You do not bid me wait—  
Then wait I will.  
You do not bid me love—  
Then love I still,  
Until the soul is dead  
Till then and yet until.

#### COMMUNION

In a quiet, desert twilight  
One lone star came faintly out —  
Only I was there to see it  
With the desert vast, about.

Then the desert sang her night song  
As the sea sings far from land  
And the wind blew over billows,  
Ever white, of shifting sand.

And the spirit of the vastness,  
Almost human, something more,  
Spoke to me in gentle murmur  
Like the waves along the shore.

Look above thee in the heavens!  
Where that one star faintly shone  
Many more shine round about it—  
Nothing living lives alone.

When in Time's fair early morning,  
Time that was not nor is yet,  
Full of sweet and purest longing  
Brahm a world did first beget,

Then it was that starry friendship  
Came to life for evermore,  
Brahm created for communion,  
Dotted space with planets o'er.

#### THAT WHICH I SCORNE

Love came to a boy in a quiet place  
And changed his life in a day,  
Pride came to a girl with a lovely face  
And she journeyed far away.

The boy and the girl were playmates long  
In the village by the sea,  
Love came to the boy and sang his song  
And he dreamed of naught but me.

And he told me there of love's sweet dream  
In the village by the sea,  
But my heart was full of the glint and gleam  
Of the life I'd planned for me.

Years went by—Fate brought me all  
And more than I'd asked of life,  
I tasted the sweet and not the gall—  
Fate crowned me in the strife.

Men asked me for love and swore their faith,  
Knights on bended knee,  
But between us oft I saw the wraith  
Of the love he sang to me.

O, dreaming boy that sang love's song  
In the village by the sea,  
Where is the heart grown brave and strong  
That once you offered me?

### WORSHIP—A WRAITH

Up from the strife of a callous world  
Comes the shout of unbelief,  
Out from the struggling mass of souls  
The fret with the common lot.  
As steals the baseborn thief,  
The cry that God is not.

Hand in hand with the pride of living  
Goes the blackened form of lust,  
On with the stride of progress  
The tiger to leap and tear.  
And men go down in the dust  
And cries go up in the air.

Woody by sons of men to-day  
Is the ghost of a living faith  
And wisdom's pearls from the beach of time  
Are poorer than common stones.  
And worship is but a wraith  
Who rattles her shrunken bones.

## THE MYSTIC SECRET

'Twas at a ball in winter time,  
Old earth was white with snow  
And youth and age and song and rhyme  
Were there with music low.

And I, a youth with throbbing heart,  
Had come at Love's behest  
To feel again the pointed dart  
Hid fair in maiden's breast.

And as I stood, all but concealed  
'Neath palms from southern skies,  
I caught that flash and 'twas revealed,  
The secret, all, in woman's eyes.

## FAME AND LOVE

Stretch high on marbled Fame  
Thine arm and write aflame  
In letters fair, thy name,  
O friend!

Yet higher stretch thine hand  
And write so fair that running sand  
Of thine shall pause, while band  
Of critics cold give meed

Of praise and peoples read  
And hear of thee afar,  
O friend!

And if, in mire  
Bent low,  
I higher  
On Fame's marble help thee  
Write again thy name,  
Freely will I bend so—  
To do it not would be my shame.

And when 'tis there aloft,  
Thy name in letters soft  
Of golden gleams all fair,  
I'll climb as high  
As thou my friend the stair  
That all men try.

And by thy name aflame  
With trembling hands  
I'll write my fame  
As thou didst write,  
While pause the sands  
In endless time  
To wait on might,  
On song and rhyme.

And when men see on marble shaft  
Thy name and mine with equal craft  
Carved there in scroll of Fame  
I'll come and kiss thy angry brow  
And tell thee that I love thee now,  
And ever shall the same.

## CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

Two thousand years ago,  
Before a slave of Caesar,  
There stood a man  
That was a King.  
And the slave cleansed his hands,  
White over a mantel  
That hid a blackened heart,  
And the King was taken to his death.

Gloom hung about Calvary.  
On the faces of the rabble  
There was gloom.  
Gloom was on the earth,  
Yet rejoiced were the stars  
For the prestage was of peace.  
The stone was rolled away,  
The King came forth  
And glorious was the resurrection.

## PUNISHMENT

And whose'er with trifling hand  
Shall strike Love's sacred Harp  
And on its strings divine  
Breathe one unhallowed breath,  
The Gods shall make repine  
And bring to direst death.

## A NIGHT WITH FATE

Bedeveled by grin Satanic,  
Hiding human heart beats,  
Fate walked in early morning,  
With me, through city streets.



Toilers and grinders were plodding  
Away to their daily strife,  
With the sullen faces of oxen,  
To earn the bread of life.

Up through the smoke of a century  
A patch of blue I saw,  
But the eyes of the slave looked downward,  
The winter wind was raw.

Fate grinned as he hailed a toiler,  
Swinging along the way,  
"Ho Richard! How like you living?  
Was't better in ancient day?"

Instantly the man's form straightened,  
Eyes flashed with a kingly flame—  
He stood there a ruler in triumph,  
The Richard of England's fame.

Fate beckoned me ever onward,  
We entered the factory door  
And there in a hundred faces  
The ghastly tale read o'er.

Men sang, but there's singing and singing  
And the song that covers a woe  
Were better shorn of beginning  
In the centuries long ago.

In the slums of the throbbing city  
We know men live and die:  
Fate called, I hurried onward  
For I heard a woman's cry.

In clutch of the mob, an outcast  
Whose hair was streaming wide —  
Sobs shook her naked bosom,  
But Fate walked by her side.

“Ho, ho, my royal lady!  
How sets the beggar’s gown?  
How like you this old earth again?  
And where has gone thy crown?”

As clouds before a winter’s gale  
Went cries to welcome death—  
The beggar rose with royal mien,  
She was Elizabeth.

Fate grinned no more, but in his face  
Shone pity and sweet sorrow,  
A tear for all the human race  
Who live again to-morrow.

I hurried as he beckoned oft  
And paused beside the tide:  
He spoke and pointed to the sun—  
“Life has a happier side.”

## WHAT’S TO DO?

A lily white love is my lady fair  
Yet am I not elate  
And bonny and brown her waving hair  
But cruel is my fate,  
For I may never tell, all fond,  
The threefold story, sweet—  
My aching heart doth quite despond  
And fall at Amor’s feet.

For I with lowly toil am worn,  
Comes she of high estate  
And Cupid's wings are sadly torn  
Nor can he more shoot straight.

## THE OCEAN BURIAL

Bury in cold and chilly earth  
Unfeeling, chilly hearts—  
To her embrace let them return  
From out the crowded marts  
Of cities, lost to joyous mirth.

But one, young, gentle and refined  
Whose clay must lie rest,  
For such fair temple let us find  
A place 'neath ocean's breast  
And bid her lie where waves are kind.

It is not well that fair and lovely forms  
Should rest where worms may crawl,  
'Neath damp and callous earth at last  
The rounded limbs that did enthrall—  
Dead shells on ocean's bed are safe from storms!

Then place her there and shed no tears,  
Where wave the tinted arms of weeds  
With rainbow hands and prismic eyes,  
O leave her there at last! 'neath reeds  
That rise and fall through days and years.

The glow of pearls close by her head,  
The trailing weed a winding sheet,  
Where colored fishes softly kiss  
And tufty moss upholds her feet,  
Where ocean flowers adorn the dead.

## SWEETHEART

Sweetheart, I sail away to thee  
Wherever the helmsman steers,  
Whenever the main is wild and free  
My hope doth banish tears.

Sweetheart, I strive alway for thee  
Wherever my swift feet tread,  
What task my eager eyes may see  
'Tis done for hope ahead.

Sweetheart, of thee I dream alway  
'Neath stars and summer skies  
And by thy side I long to stay  
And read thy shining eyes.

'Tis true I know thee not, Sweetheart  
Nor are thy kisses real,  
But still of me art thou a part,  
My own, my fond ideal.

## HUMAN WATERS

Thou breathing, pulsing, human stream  
That flows through tortuous streets,  
Winding, gliding, rushing on  
To where a cross road meets  
And ever on—fast—slow  
And fast again,  
With head erect and shoulders square,  
With drooping mien and eyes that dare  
Not look above—  
Whose spray is cast aside,  
Whose beggars cry aloud  
And ask for alms,

Whose lame and halt can not abide  
The crush—  
The rush  
Of human will—  
The restless stride!  
Thou human water  
That dost cross a bridge  
O'er other waters, flowing,  
That take thy spray as theirs—  
Thou heartless thing  
That dost wind and glide  
Past fanes and grave yards  
But hast never time to pray,  
Laughing,  
Dancing,  
Singing on  
With ever ears for joy,  
With never tears for groans!  
Thou parricide,  
Thou murderer—grim visaged ,  
Thou!—whose hand doth brush  
From youthful cheek its flush,  
Whose iron doth burn  
From youthful hearts  
Their charm and grace,  
Whose onward swirl doth people hell  
And temper souls for paradise!  
Thou, thou!—  
I throw myself upon thy breast  
And with thee hurry on!  
Where to?  
Speak, speak  
And tell!  
Or do but murmur in mine ear  
If downward be the way.

## THE HEART THAT THROBS INTENSE

The mind that grasps at grandest things,  
(The heart that throbs, intense),  
Doth soar aloft on spirit wings  
In realms unknown to ignorance.

## WOMAN'S EYES

In a second —  
With the lift and turn of a lash,  
My soul to hers was beckoned;  
I saw the gleam and flash  
Of eyes—her own—  
O Life! it stirs  
Eternity's dormant passion,  
In Eternity's olden fashion.

I saw what gleamed!  
It pierced my youth!  
And now what seemed,  
Is changed to truth.

What was it I beheld?  
Listen, listen!  
The flash of eyes!  
Eternal law  
Revealed. The rise,  
The fall, the ebb, the flow,  
The high, the low,  
The summer skies,  
The sunset glow,  
And passion's sweets,  
Her fond heart beats!

## UNFATHOMABLE

You thought you knew what love was  
A life time, most, ago—  
You've loved and hated and suffered  
But still you do not know.

You've scaled the highest mountain  
And throbbed in the arms of art—  
Measured the depths of ocean,  
But never the human heart.

Gods may sense the eternal,  
The angels may know its goal—  
Each may fathom the other,  
But never a woman's soul.

## IMPATIENCE FOR FAME

O Time! wilt thou not hurry?  
To-night I wait unhappy, in my room  
As bride awaits the lagging groom.  
And near are books and papers strewn,  
Fame's favorites I behold, and soon  
Fame's favor I would curry.

Ambition, rouse! rouse up and do—  
Thou sweetest thing that God  
Has stirred in cup of Life,  
Warm breath of Being, Soul of strife,  
Give me Fame's wings ere I to sod  
Return, and Life is through.

The few that act upon Life's stage!  
This man that writes a book!  
That woman in whose fiery look

Is food for printed sheet,  
Whose words of song are meet  
To make men weep or rage!

I will! I will do things as great!  
Nor shall I wait on laggard Time!  
I'll write such words in frenzied rhyme  
That men shall pause, and feel  
Like soldiers thrust with pointed steel!  
O hurry Time, come on like Fate!

"Hush, foolish one, hast thou not learned,"  
Spake voice within my heart,  
"That Time is not—that Art  
Doth flee from all save giant hands  
That build so strongly, that the sands  
Of life are backward turned?"

"Do thou thy work, think not of balm  
That soothes, if name of thine is sought;  
Most things, at last, shall come to naught;  
The song shall cease and book decay,  
But thought shall live, if in it ray  
Of Truth is seen, strong, pure, and calm."



## Poems of California and the West

### A SIGN

O YE THAT LOVE OUR WESTERN  
SHORES,  
MORE FAIR THAN ANCIENT GREECE,  
HERE FOR THE WORLD ARE OPEN  
DOORS  
AND GOD HAS WET HIS FLEECE!



## A CITY OF CALIFORNIA

O, city of a poet's dream!  
By mountains girt about,  
With valleys full of glossy gleam  
Of orange trees, that often seem  
To raise their arms with offerings  
Of sweet and golden profferings,  
Too fair for gods to doubt.

Grand mountains rise on either side,  
Snow-capped in summer days  
And far away to distant tide,  
Throbbing, passionate, like virgin bride,  
Billowy mists of green and blue  
Rise and fall with every hue  
That artist sees in blended rays.

And where on heights Diana drove  
Now man hath wrought in nature's ways,  
Fair gardens, fit for gods to rove,  
Through airy aisles and lemon grove  
To smell the balm like that which blows  
From Thessaly.  
Man here forgets his shadowy woes,  
And dreams with Love of coming days.

And looking off where vision ends,  
On rolling depths the eye alights,  
While azure blue of heaven bends,  
Down, down, and then with ocean blends,  
Until the sight of man is dim,  
And mystic thoughts steal over him  
And raise him up to awful heights.

O, city of a favored land!  
O, virgin ne'er to mate!  
Thy mountains 'round thee grimly stand,  
Thy fairness is on every hand,  
While Star of Empire, Westward bent,  
Unto thy name acclaim has lent,  
Thy future shall be great.

### THE SPIRIT OF LOS ANGELES.

Ethereal dweller, neath southern skies,  
With shining, yellow hair  
Where gloom awing with wishing flies  
And life is fond and fair,

What gardens of the gods aglow  
Were tended with thy care  
Before this summer land could know  
Thy spirit in the air?

Thou siren near the silvery shore  
Of verdant flowery lands  
The gods bend down to love thee more—  
To kiss thy dimpled hands!

On rugged Sierra Madra's crest  
The tall dark pines are sighing  
That they might clasp thy virgin breast  
Where moonbeams find thee lying.

And on the hardened ocean beach  
The waves are laughing, foaming—  
Then ever strive to nearer reach  
Were thou art, ever roaming.

The orange trees stretch out their arms  
With golden profferings laden  
And nodding flowers bend low their charms  
To worship such a maiden.

## HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Thou art come,  
Chieftain of the Nation!

In ancient Greece  
There woke a singer once  
And in the centuries  
That have flown  
She has been called  
By men  
The Poet.  
Naught may be used  
To greater make  
That which greatest is,—  
Fate ne'er surer flew  
Because the lesser powers  
Hung trappings on his wings,—  
And so we hail thee Chief  
And call the country that thou rulest  
The Nation of the earth.  
Here where Junipero came,  
Where Spain's bold flag  
Dripped blood upon the land,  
Where Fremont stood  
The outpost of the New  
And glittering gold  
Was wooed by all the world,  
In triumph thou art come,  
Through groves of green

And vales of nodding flowers,—  
And in the Western heart  
Enough there is still left  
Of ancient loyalty  
Unto a kingly cause  
To hail thee King of Nations,  
Yet know thee—citizen  
And president.

And thus it is  
We give thee welcome.

Written at the time of President McKinley's  
visit to Los Angeles and the Pacific Coast in  
May—1901.

### JUNIPERO SERRA

Fair the breezes fanned Majorca  
On a day in early spring  
And through the streets of ancient Petra  
Hurried friends to tidings bring.  
To a Spaniard laboring slowly,  
Waiting for the sunset gun,  
Came these eager friends and lowly  
Bringing tidings of a son.

Junipero Serra—man of iron in days of olden!  
In glittering empyrean should thy deeds be  
sung—  
Hadst thou lived to circumstance more beholden  
Time's hand would hardly turn so far but tongue  
Of man should render praise to thee,  
But hearts of men with inspiration swell  
At thought of those that, reverent, bowed the  
knee  
To work of thine, done all so well.

Where daring deeds there were to do  
And paths in virgin forests 'bout  
For iron men like you  
To hew and straighten out,  
Thou camest and oft didst dream  
That God and empire sent thee here,  
The unfurled flag of Spain and gleam  
Of Christly cross the souls of men to cheer.

O day of July first  
In year long gone!  
Thou wert of Alta California  
The Natal Day  
And the greatness  
That thou didst usher in  
Was more, and closer  
To the stride of Fate  
Than ever day before  
Didst dawn upon,  
In the annals of  
That County fair  
To which, with unknown guidance,  
Thou didst yield  
The twilight  
Of thy coming.

## THE EIGHTH WONDER

Where California's mountains rise  
With snowy peaks to summer skies,  
Where savage tribes in early day  
Gave up a land to Christian sway  
And flag of Spain on bloody sod  
Was raised aloft in name of God,

There in the South where skillful hand  
Hath made a garden of the land,  
Where brain and brawn and buried gold  
Have brought the new from out the old,  
Where far away o'er mountains' crest  
The Star of Empire seeks the West,

There chiseled in rude cañon bed  
The centuries show the Arrow Head.  
While Pyramids of Egypt stand  
And men can trace on Eastern sand  
The Walls of Babylon—in dreams  
Behold her Hanging Gardens, and the gleams  
Of golden light that flicker rare  
From Temple of Diana fair,  
And once again in worship stand  
By Jovian Statue on Olympian strand—  
While we Colossus view at Rhodes,  
And Mausoleum death forbodes,

E'en yet on rugged mountain side  
The Arrow Head doth still abide  
And so it shall while Time doth run  
And earth doth smile at shining sun—  
To tell the world of peoples, dead,  
That lived and loved by Arrow Head.

### ON RAYMOND HILL

Out through the vista of the hills  
He gazes and listens and dreams.  
Birds are singing, butterflies winging,  
Life his pulses thrills  
And close to her he's clinging.



Distant the sound of a bell,  
Distant the city's strife.  
About him the murmur of summer  
And sweet the wildflowers' smell  
And quickened the throb of life.

Barefooted, a boy came singing,  
Swinging his chubby fists,  
Glad and joyous came singing  
But with him sadness was bringing  
In memory of bygone trysts.

O the love of a blue-eyed maiden!  
O the thought of other years  
When life was lived in Aidenn,  
Long ago with the love of a maiden—  
O cease ye blinding tears!

### A DREAM PROPHECY

A summer sun shone on an orchard fair,  
That stretched about a southern home,  
A California home of dreams,  
And one sat there beneath the trees  
And gazed into the blue, ethereal dome  
Of heaven the while the gleams  
From glossy leaves and hum of bees  
Enthralled, for peace was in the air.

He was a youth with bronzed and earnest face  
Who sat beneath those cooling bows  
And glanced, betimes, upon his grandsire, old,  
Whose palsied frame at Gettysburg had fought;  
But now he listened to the oft-told vows  
Of love, a girlish voice did sweetly mold

To purest song, with passion fraught,  
And give to earth with gentle grace.

Then one stood forth, all bright with other life,  
And hum of bees and girlish song were not  
And he that saw was dead to earth, mayhap,  
And knew but her whose name was Peace.

"Take, take the gifts the gods to you have  
brought"

She said. "Enjoy, for time will come when lap  
Of mine shall overflow and lease  
Of love shall change to cruel strife.

"As truck thy grandsire's arm in battle's shock,  
As groaned that land and reddened o'er with  
blood,

As died her sons and wailed her widows then,  
As cringed her Freedom in the gates of Fear,  
So this land shall groan beneath the flood  
That whelms her children, till that hour when  
They shall rise and rescue Freedom, near  
Run to earth, while rich men mock."

## CATALINA

Catalina, Siren maiden!  
Lying clothed in satin blue,  
In waters warm as those of Aidenn—  
The summer skies bend over you.

Lap the waves against thee ever,  
Kiss the winds thy naked limbs,  
Tires Nesae never, never—  
White her foam the sea beach dims.

Catalina, eastward glancing  
At thy lover's lofty head,  
With the moonlight on thee dancing,  
Far Sierra sees thy bed.

Sly Aeolus hovers over  
Pressing kisses on thy mouth,  
Fair to him—the fickle rover—  
Are thine odors from the south.

Mystic Isle, in bed of ocean,  
Thou hast bared thyself to love,  
Warmed art thou with Amor's potion  
And thine arms are stretched above.

Hearts for thy embrace are beating,  
Never Lesbos better knew  
That the Muses' favor, fleeting,  
Is for those that sail to you.

## THE BANYAN TREE AT AVALON, CATALINA ISLAND

Came you there by bird or billow,  
Washed by wave or carried far  
With some flight of sea birds, winging  
Underneath the tropic star,  
There to grow with gum and willow?

Banyan tree, we bless thy waking  
On the isle where Avalon  
Nestles in the sea-girt canyon,  
Dreaming of the days long gone,  
Listening to the billows breaking.

Came you from the Eastern Indies?  
Of thy coming we will boast!  
Came you from the fair Hawaii  
Or from Persia's balmy coast,  
Sacred fig tree o'er the seas?

Whence or whither was thy coming  
Matters not, O Banyan tree,  
Thou art sign of tropic gloaming,  
Thou art rife of things to be  
In this land, the end of roaming,  
Where thou camest, o'er the sea,  
Lone and lonely Banyan tree.

## A HISTORY OF ARIZONA

Brown and bare the desert,  
Under a sun-cursed sky—  
Far the stretch of the sand hills,  
To the mountains, looming high—  
Drear and dun the village,  
Where somebody came to die.

Over the waste of the desert,  
Gleamed the steely track,  
Over the heart of somebody  
The longing to go back—  
Oh, that the light for somebody  
Could shine through the coming black!

Gay and bright the laughter,  
Under the ball-room light—  
Low and sweet the music  
Far into fleeting night—  
Fair and queenly a woman,  
Wielding her royal might.

She was the thought of somebody,  
Coughing his life away,  
Silently, hopelessly loving,  
Loving and blessing always—  
Constant the thought of somebody,  
Loving, night and day.

Grim at the stake the martyrs  
Lifted their eyes and prayed!  
First in the fray the soldier,  
Firm and unafraid!  
But out on the dreary desert  
Somebody's grave was made!

### THE SONG OF THE SIREN OF RIO COL- ORADO

Love to your death ye dark skinned race,  
The foe of the North, the Pale Face!  
Sigh to the hills, burnt and old—  
He cometh, he loveth the yellow gold.  
I lie in the bend of the dark brown stream—  
With the mountains of eld I watch and dream  
And yon where trees the gorges span  
Winds oft the White Man's caravan.  
Far in the East the Red Man died—  
There, soundeth now the conqueror's stride  
And the Indian's fate with change is fraught  
For bold and brave is the argonaut.  
I dream at night in the full moon's gleam  
As, silent, I swim the sullen stream:  
Since the birth of the hills I've held my sway—  
Peoples have lived and passed away!  
What to me is the Indian's death?  
'Tis the waning stir of a desert breath,  
But fairer than all the gold in the West

Is my mystic spell in a maiden's breast;  
Yet the passing Red Man's hand will kill  
On the barren plain and rugged hill.  
And I must save out of blood and fire  
A fair faced boy from savage ire—  
I'll wrap him now with power about  
While his friends go down in treacherous rout.  
Fierce and wild are those fiends of hell—  
Know the seekers of gold the story well!

On desert plains where the hot sun pours  
And the River flows to ocean shores—  
Melted snows from mountain rills  
Thick with red of basalt hills—  
Here in the South—the Indian's land—  
Shall Fate make strong the White Man's hand.  
The Siren knows the sullen way  
Of the sinuous stream by night and day—  
She laughs at the future and mocks the past  
For naught is changeless—naught shall last,  
But the wakening dream and mystic spell  
In a maiden's breast are hidden well —  
She will hold him close with her warm, dark  
arms

And he shall love her savage charms.  
Yet Jute's song will grow faint and still  
For The God Of The Air hath power to kill  
And Basla's cry shall tell the grief  
Of a broken tribe and a powerless chief.

In the yellow swirl of the yellow stream  
I swim with the flood in a half day dream—  
I pick the gold from my thick, damp hair  
And the mountain spirits call me fair  
And ever when the bank doth fall

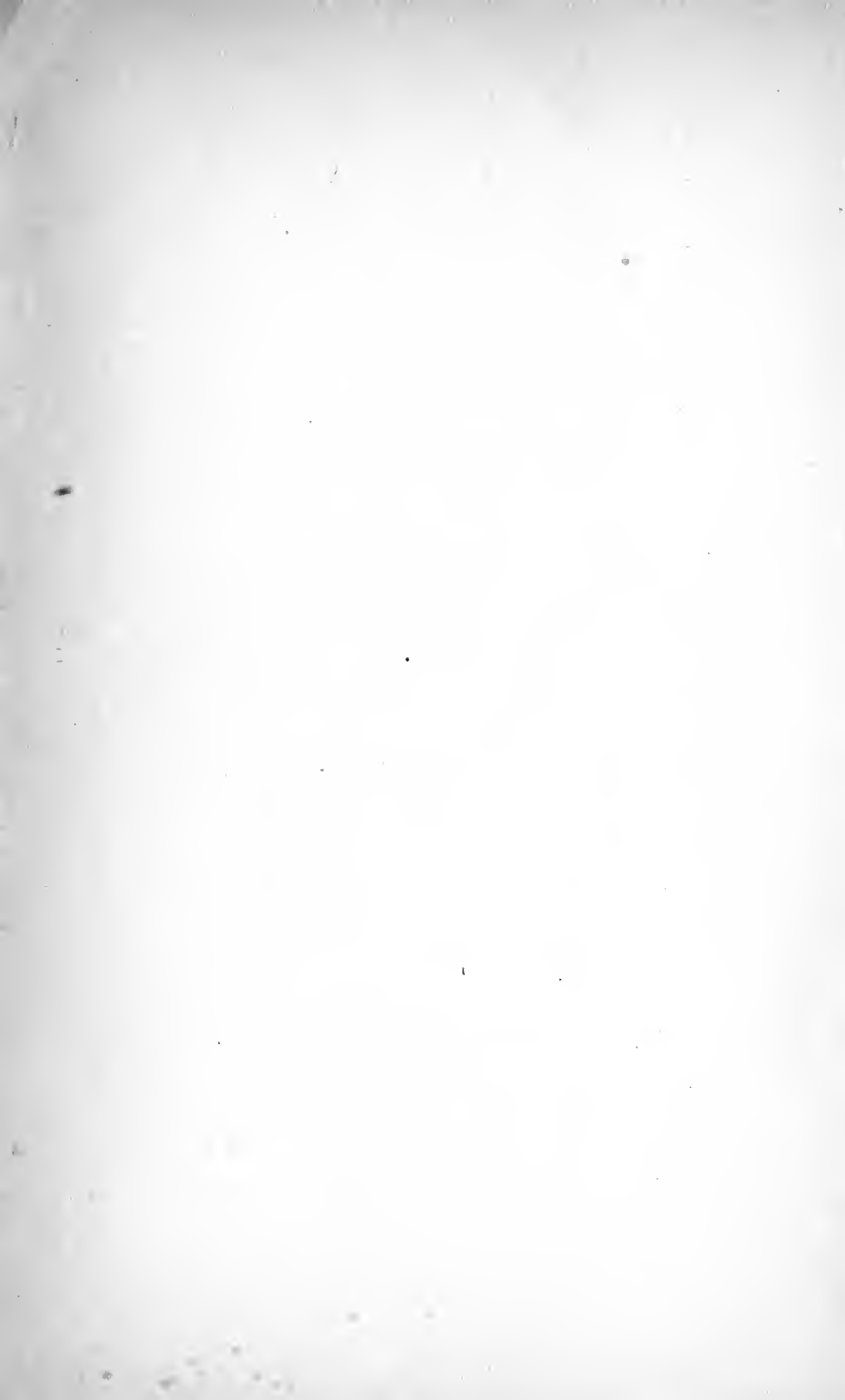
A rapturous lover hears my call,  
While every stark and stranded tree  
Holds drowning fauns who cry to me;  
But I laugh aloud and shake my hair—  
For a siren's love the brave shall dare!  
Oh, strange the things my spell will do  
And the work of my hands is never through—  
See yonder camp of Pale Face braves!  
They too are Moera's willing slaves  
And the youth with the babe of straight, dark  
hair  
Is the maiden's love—The God Of The Air.  
And now they go with pick and pan  
To the Western shore with the caravan  
And the gold they find with shining face  
Shall change the hue of the dark skinned race,  
For war and love and glistening gold  
Are siren's tools since days of old.



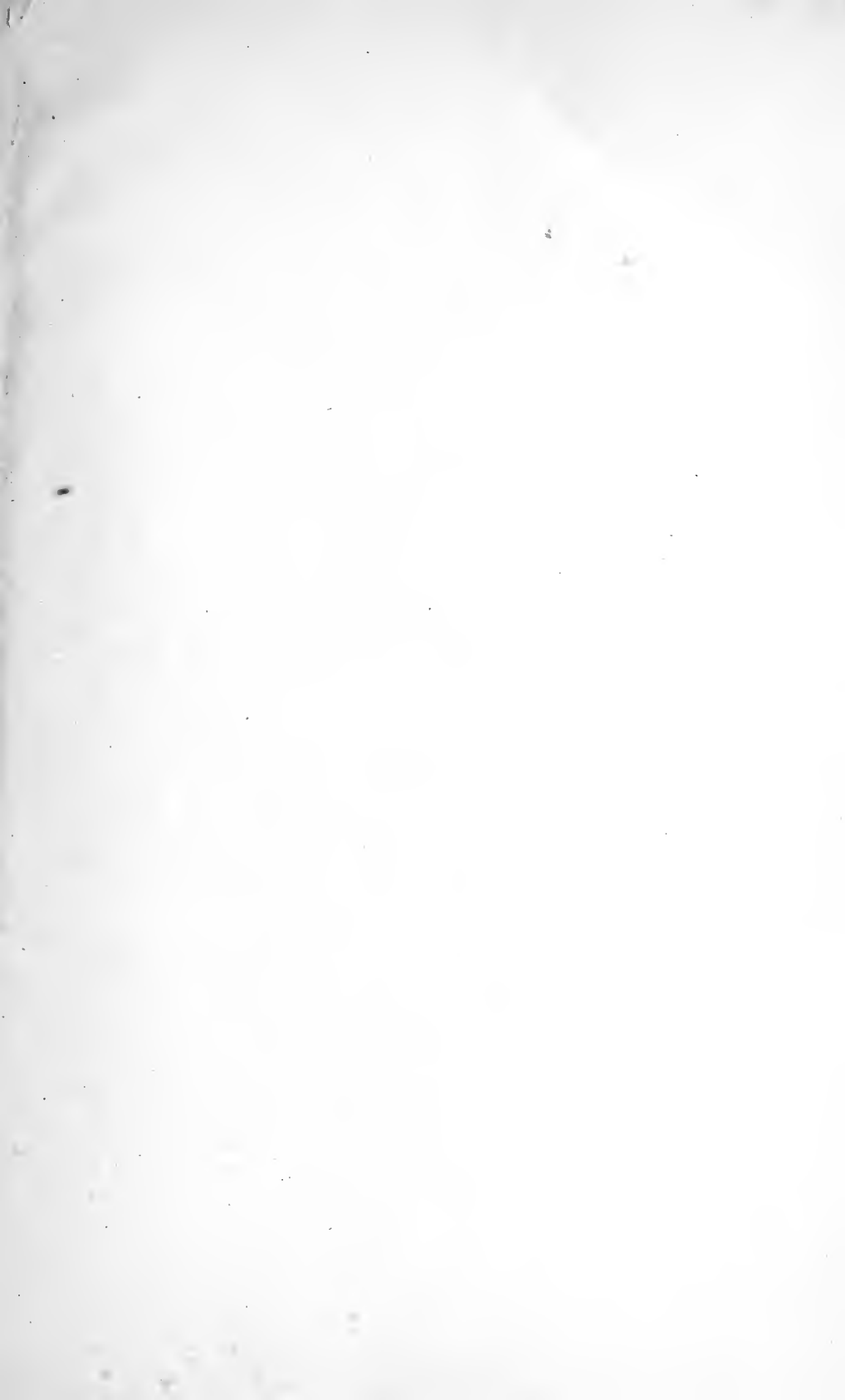












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